

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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## MR. FRENCH FLOWERS.

We feel pleasure in calling attention to a letter inserted this week in our columns under the respectable name of Mr. Brinley Richards. We entirely agree with the purport of that letter, and feel it incumbent upon us to disown all participation whatever in the sentiments, and all sympathy with the tone and style of Mr. Flowers' letter, headed "The We of the *Athenæum*," which appeared in our last. Having been for many years in the habit of receiving letters from Mr. Flowers, his contributions have usually been consigned to the printer without examination. This must be our excuse for the letter having appeared at all. Had we seen it, we should have assuredly returned it to the author. We are no enemies to controversy, but for personal attacks in literary discussion we have the utmost aversion.

D. R.

## THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

A "descriptive symphony," entitled *The Seasons*, the composition of Dr. Spohr, was produced on Monday night for the first time in this country. This work, the most recent contribution to the orchestra of its author, should have been introduced last season at the Philharmonic concerts, but the directors, not for the first time, let a good opportunity slip, and, with their accustomed indifference to novelty, allowed the National Concerts to forestall them in making the English public acquainted with a new effort of so justly celebrated a writer as Dr. Spohr. At the same time, we are not prepared to assert, after a single hearing, through the medium of a rough and unfinished performance, that the Philharmonic Society have been serious losers in the present instance. *The Seasons* appears to exhibit all the peculiar mannerisms of style that make the music of Spohr so easily recognizable, but little of the fancy, melodic flow, and dramatic expression to which it owes its reputation. The title led us to expect a work of equal magnitude and interest to the *Wiehe der Töne*, the fourth symphony of the composer, which, had he given birth to nothing else, would have sufficed to place him among the greatest musicians of his time. We were disappointed. The new "descriptive symphony" describes little that is palpable on a first hearing. We have no faith, however, in what is called "descriptive" music, since few things in nature admit of direct imitation by musical sounds, and these appeal in general to the vulgarest kind of art. But when an intellectual musician like Spohr, a man of genius, if ever the art possessed one, employs the term "descriptive," we are naturally led to adopt a nobler signification. It is clear that spring, summer, autumn, and winter, cannot be literally "imitated" by means of music, and we must conclude that Spohr, in *The Seasons*, as Beethoven in the *Pastoral Symphony*, aimed simply at giving expression to the influence

produced on his own mind by the natural phenomena which mark the different periods of the year; and that the symphony, being the most complete and elevated form in which music can be presented, was selected as the fittest to carry out his object. In this light, then, we must regard *The Seasons* as a piece of didactic music, in which feelings are to be communicated rather than material things described; and, in this light, we cannot but view it as a failure in comparison with the great example we have adduced; and, indeed, with Spohr's own symphony, *Der Wiehe der Töne*. The design of *The Seasons* is plain enough, musically considered, since it consists of the usual number of movements, with a regularly developed allegro in place of the ordinary scherzo, or minuet—which, by the way, is not an innovation, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr himself having already done the same. The philosophical or poetical plan of the work, however, is not so easily followed. The symphony is divided into two parts, and each part into two movements. Part the first is described in the programme as "Winter; Introduction to Spring; Spring;" part the second, as "Summer; Transition to Autumn; Winter;" from which synopsis, joined to what can be gathered from the music itself, we must suppose the symphony to begin at that frequently turbulent and stormy period which divides the winter from the spring. Mendelssohn has already attempted this in the introductory movement of his *Walpurgis Nacht*, where the orchestra is intended to suggest a tempestuous winter in the mountains, clearing away at the approach of spring. How much more successful was Mendelssohn in conveying his impressions to others will readily be concluded after a comparison of his first movement with that of Spohr. The restless, everchanging character of the opening to the *Walpurgis Nacht*, is at once accepted as a striking illustration of the subject, but we can perceive nothing in the movement of Spohr which might not, with equal propriety, be said to represent many other themes besides the one in question, and this without comparing the strictly musical pretensions of the two. That of Spohr is a *moderato* in B minor, in common time (we speak from our impressions of the music, never having seen the score), gloomy, passionate, and fantastic at intervals, the principal characteristics being an abundance of modulation, and a peculiarity of harmony and cadence, which belong essentially to Spohr, and, by constant employment, very often degenerate into monotony. The next movement, in G major, 3/4 (minuet) time, is far happier and more suggestive. The presence of spring may readily be imagined in the freshness and simplicity of the principal themes, the unaffected grace of all the details, and the natural employment of the instruments of the orchestra, that, with prodigious art, are made to suggest the numberless sweet voices with which nature speaks on arising from her wintry rest. In this most charming movement, with which part first concludes, every animated thing seems to wake up and be joyful; and, we

may add, without irreverence, that the listener emulates the birds and insects of the musician's fancy. It is one of the happiest efforts of Spohr, who, thus inspired, is inferior to no composer whom the art has known. But such moments are rarer with him than with other great musicians, in whom an inexhaustible fund of melody seems to have been treasured up for gradual distribution, and still rarer in his later works than in those of his early time. They merit, therefore, the warmer welcome when they come. The slow movement which commences the second part, and stands for "Summer," is remarkable for the violins being muted throughout, by which an unbroken *sostenuto* throughout, and a cloying richness of harmony, a certain drowsy monotony is conveyed, anything, we should hope, but the universal effect of bright sunshine and ripened vegetation on the human heart. A short fragment, in which the horn *obligato* may be regarded as an indication that the hunting season is at hand, must, we suppose, be understood as the transition from summer to autumn; but whether the last movement be intended to represent autumn and winter in succession, or winter alone, we are unable to guess from the scanty information of the printed programme. The pastoral character of one of the principal themes (a popular German *volkslied*, according to the *Morning Post*) inclines us to suppose the former. The movement itself, in B major, is spirited and wonderfully clever, but very difficult for all the instruments, especially the "strings," which have a formidable array of "accidentals" to deal with. There is nothing very "wintry" suggested in any part of it, and, in fact, a want of distinctive character is apparent, with few exceptions, from first to last.

While we have endeavoured, in this hasty sketch, to show that in the symphony of the *Seasons*, Spohr has not altogether maintained his usual height, that the passages of inspiration are rare, and that only one movement of the four ("Spring") is entirely beautiful, we must not omit to qualify our objections with the acknowledgment that, in all probability, no other living composer could have produced an orchestral work of such large outline, ingenious detail, and rich instrumental colouring. But Spohr has taught us, by previous essays, to expect so much, that the announcement of a new symphony from his pen is almost tantamount to the promise of a new *chef d'œuvre* for the art. That we have been disappointed on the present occasion cannot be denied; but if "Homer nods" at intervals, why not Dr. Spohr? We shall take an early occasion of hearing the symphony again, when a few performances have made the band familiar with its complexities, and insured a more finished if not energetic execution—a consummation which, under a director of such vigour and intelligence as Mr. Balfe, may, we think, be relied upon—and trust to derive a more decidedly favourable opinion. Should we find ourselves undeceived in any essential point, we shall be too glad, if only in deference to the illustrious name of Spohr, to state our new impression. A more attentive audience than that of Monday night could not have "stood" (the greater number of them were in the promenade during the execution of the symphony) in judgment on a new work. The applause at the end of the several movements was not less indiscriminately than heartily bestowed.

The departure of the Berlin Chorus having been postponed, they have been singing every night since our last with sustained success. To-night is stated as positively their last appearance. They are announced to sing a battle-song, which, if it be to the tune of a quick march, we shall not be sorry for, since, up to the present moment, we never heard them sing anything but slow pieces. Among the most in-

teresting of their recent performances was a "Kyrie Eleison," from a mass of Henry Wylde, which is remarkably clever and well-written; so much so, indeed, that we are curious to hear the entire work from which it is extracted.

#### M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

M. JULLIEN repeated his "Mendelssohn Festival" on Tuesday, when the same programme, with one exception, was performed. The exception was the overture to *Melusine*, substituted for the march from *Athaliah*. The house was crammed to suffocation. The performance went off with great *éclat*, Jetty Treffz, and the "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, carrying off the encores. M. Jullien has begun to adopt a method of engaging the interest of his audience in favour of the classical works introduced at his "festivals," which, if carried out, we think is likely to prove beneficial. The following description of Mendelssohn's third symphony will explain what we allude to.

In this great orchestral masterpiece Mendelssohn has essayed to convey, by the aid of musical sounds, his impressions during a tour amidst the romantic scenery of the Highlands. Nature and history, the external face of the earth, and the legendary associations of the locality, one of the most picturesque and beautiful in the world, have, each in turn, assisted to direct his thoughts and colour his imagination. The symphony may be divided into a programme of four parts:—

PART I.—The introduction in A minor—*andante con moto*—must be accepted as an indication of the peculiar state of mind of the great poet musician during his contemplation of the scenes around him. The low tones of the oboe announce a mystic feeling, which the grave solemnity of the movement deepens and develops.

Continuation of Part I.—In the same key—*Allegro un poco agitato*—carries on the train of thought in a more excited and varied strain. The theme, Scottish in character, at once shows that the peculiar rhythm of the Highland melody had taken a strong hold of Mendelssohn, and that while gazing on the mountains and cataracts the ideas suggested to his mind by their beauty and sublimity were tinged with the song of the shepherd and the war-hymn of the chieftain. The peculiar charm of this fine movement is derived from its continual changes of character, its agitated restlessness, its rapid and frequent passage from gloom and darkness to sunshine and exultation. The storm that twice begins and twice subsides, is a phase of the same shifting monotony. Its effect in musical sounds, as produced by the infinite art of the composer, is graphic and terrible. Its first announcement, by a series of strange and unexpected progressions of harmony, is so striking that none can fail to perceive that a war of the elements is intended, while its progress towards the end of the movement, through the entire power of the orchestra, is managed with consummate power. It will be observed that by a master-stroke of genius the storm dies away, and falls gradually back into the slow introductory movement, a fragment of which is repeated, with soft instrumentation, at which point the movement concludes. The first part of the symphony is didactic and reflective—purely poetical.

PART II.—A scherzo in F major, *Vivace non troppo*. The opening theme at once suggests a highland revel. The clarinet, in imitation of the bagpipe, sets forth with a lively tune, so completely Scottish in character that none can mistake it. This is taken up at intervals by the other instruments, and worked in conjunction with another theme, most happily contrasted in rhythm, with, throughout the movement, astonishing fertility of invention. From its joyful, exuberant, and fantastic character, this *scherzo* is generally the favourite movement with all descriptions of audiences, since it is easier to enter into the supposed development of a dramatic scene than into the subtleties of philosophical contemplation.

PART III.—In A major, *Adagio*. This beautiful movement may be considered complete in itself—an episode of a Highland love story, in which the lovers are happy and united, until death snatches one away unexpectedly, and turns joy into despair. The funera-



ceremony, with "the steps of the mourners, heavy and slow," may be recognised easily at the place where a lugubrious kind of dirge (for clarionets and bassoons) interrupts that streaming melody for the violins which opens the movement, and gives an intense idea to a reflective mind of the feeling of devotion with which the survivor recalls the memory of his beloved. The dirge in its turn is interrupted by this divine melody, but again returns in a different key, until it ultimately gives way to a strain of soothing loveliness. The first strain, with new devices of harmony and instrumentation, brings the movement to a close.

Part IV. and last.—*Allegro guerriero*, in A minor.—The tone of this fierce and impetuous *allegro* at once announces that strife is the main subject intended to be suggested. From the outset to the end it is one continued tumult; the chief sets out for battle, followed by his armed retainers, and the contest is long and terrible, until at length, when the climax is reached, a sudden change to soft music, in which the wind instruments are engaged on passages of a wailing and plaintive character, indicates that the battle is over, and that grief and lamentation for the dead are the predominant ideas of the musician. This episode, so full of deep meaning, having died away to the faintest echo, is unexpectedly followed by a new theme, a kind of thanksgiving ode, which, commencing reposefully, gradually works up into the loudest and most brilliant jubilee. With this striking and impressive pean terminates one of the noblest compositions of its author, and of the art of which he was so great an ornament.

At a future "Festival" it would be advisable if M. Jullien were to illustrate the whole of his programme in the same manner. Nothing can possibly be better calculated to help the intelligence and sustain the attention of his audience.

**SPOHR, BALFE, G. MACFARREN, EDWARD LODER, HOWARD CLOVER, HECTOR BERLIOZ, & FELICIEN DAVID.**

THE above gentlemen being announced every night as "composers to the Grand National Concerts," we think it our duty, as friends of the two last mentioned, to say that they are quite unaware of the distinguished honour conferred upon them by the "executive committee, managers, and directors." They will most probably be apprised of it for the first time through the medium of this announcement. How they may receive the news remains to be seen.

#### SIVORI.

WE are in some apprehension about this celebrated violinist. According to the prospectus of the Grand National Concerts, he was, upwards of two months ago, "on his way to England," to fulfill a "pending" engagement with the "executive committee, managers, and directors." He has not yet been heard of, however, although the journey from the Havannah to England, supposing Sig. Sivori to have been "on his way" when the prospectus was first issued, would have been over long ago, bad weather admitted. Let us hope that no accident has occurred to the celebrated violinist.

#### JENNY LIND VISITING THE BLIND.

(From the Boston Courier, Nov. 15.)

ON Wednesday, the 13th, Jenny Lind visited the New York Asylum for the Blind, on 34th street. She was accompanied by the Hon. John Jay, and all notice of her intended presence at the institution was kept from the inmates. The superintendent, Mr. Chamberlain, even was not informed of her purpose until she was presented to him by Mr. Jay. The *Evening Post* gives the following detailed account of the interview:—

"The party arrived at the asylum about half-past twelve,

and upon her expressing a willingness to sing to the pupils a few of her songs, Mr. Chamberlain directed the bell to be rung. In about five minutes the party was asked into the chapel, where we found the school assembled, all ignorant as yet of the purpose of this unusual summons. There were about one hundred and thirty of these unfortunates, whose eyes

'Bereft of light, their seeing had forgot,'

and who strove in vain to gratify the intense curiosity under which their restlessness and intent expressions showed they were labouring.

"When Mr. Chamberlain announced to them the generous compliment which Miss Lind was about paying them, there was a general expression of surprise and delight. Her fame had obviously preceded her into this abode of darkness, and every one of its stricken inmates seemed to appreciate the privilege that was in store for them, and the wide distinction of her to whom they owed it.

"After laying aside her hat and gloves, Miss Lind then proceeded to the piano, and commenced one of her most choice melodies, the name of which does not occur to us. At first, all other emotions among the pupils seemed to be swallowed up in surprise, from which they did not recover fully even in the second piece. They seemed to be painfully intent upon every note that fell from her lips, betraying in the play of their features and change of colour, their susceptibility to the variable effects of the music.

"The third piece she sang was the Song of the Birdling. By this time, the pupils began to realise what had happened, and to understand that the famous Jenny Lind had come, and was actually singing to them. They now gave themselves up wholly to the pleasure of the music, and when they listened to the vocal feats which have made the Bird Song so popular, they seemed worried that they had no way of adequately expressing their delight. They could not exchange with each other looks of admiration, and they had never learned how other audiences are accustomed to "wreak their feelings upon expression" in the concert-room. It was curious to watch the smile of pleasure creep over their faces, and give place betimes to a stern or sad expression, according to their relative susceptibilities, all strongly contrasted with the comparatively passive features of those who have all their senses perfect to share the labor of observation and the pleasure of enjoyment. When Miss Lind arose from the piano, the pupils no longer attempted to restrain their expressions of delight, but spoke to each other about her singing with as much enthusiasm as if they had just awakened to the pleasures of a new sense.

"We then were invited to walk through the institution, and it was gratifying to perceive that, though our visit had not been anticipated, the most perfect neatness and order seemed to pervade the establishment. The pupils thronged about Miss Lind wherever she moved, and were perfectly happy when she took them, as she did a great many, by the hand and addressed them. All who were presented to her testified, in their quaint and artless ways, the deepest sensibility and gratitude for her attention. One little girl, of about sixteen, to whom our eyes had been attracted during the singing, by her absorbed and delighted expression of countenance, and by a particularly small pair of hands, which she held quietly in her lap, urged her way modestly through the crowd of her companions, and said, jokingly, that she wanted to see Jenny Lind. Miss Lind took hold of her delicate little hand, and said, "Poor thing, I wish you could see the sky." "Oh!" said the girl, promptly, "I shall see that in heaven, and I shall

see you there, too." "But," said Miss Lind, "you may have a much higher place there than I." The ready response, though confused and rather inarticulate, of the little girl, imported that none but angels would occupy higher seats in heaven than Miss Lind. To another pupil who approached, she said, placing her hands upon her shoulders, "Are you entirely blind?" "Yes," was the reply. "Cannot you see at all? cannot you see me?" "No," said the girl, "but hearing is the greater blessing now."

"In reply to some inquiries about musical culture in the institution, Mr. Chamberlain informed us that vocal and instrumental music were taught quite extensively. The piano and the organ, and a variety of wind instruments, were used by the pupils of one or both sexes, a fine band had been organized, and a number of the graduates were employed as organists in churches. He then invited two of the young ladies to perform on the piano and to sing. No young *débütante* was ever more delighted at receiving an invitation to sing in the presence of royalty, than were these poor things at the opportunity of performing before Jenny Lind, and it is but just to them to say that their execution was very creditable.

The pleasure which her visit had conferred upon the school was so great, that Miss Lind intimated a disposition to visit them again, if she could possibly find the time. She left about two o'clock, having given, in the course of a single hour, to these stricken sufferers, as Mr. Chamberlain very gracefully remarked to them at the close of the singing, 'a gratification, the like of which they had never enjoyed before, and in all probability, would never enjoy again.'

We have seen Miss Lind on many occasions, when she was receiving the rapturous applause of thousands, but we never saw her appear to such advantage as when she stood the synosure of this throng of blind children, upon whom she was dispensing, with infinite grace, her tenderness and sympathy."

[We have cited this article entire and without comment, since it is much better written, and much less affected and extravagant than many of the articles under the weight of which poor Jenny Lind is nearly smothered.]

#### MADAME ANNA THILLON AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.

ON Tuesday evening a fashionable assembly congregated at Willis's Rooms, to assist at, as the French say, a new musical entertainment, something after the fashion of John Parry and Albert Smith's popular and ubiquitous prolusions. There was one essential difference;—that, whereas Parry's and Smith's delectations are simply monological, or one-personed; the new feast of harmony is unsimply dualogical, or two-personed:—in fact, it is a dual of an entertainment. Madame Anna Thillon, the gracious, the versatile, the *naïve*, the *piquante*, the honey-voiced, and the sweet of smiles, and Mr. Hudson, the pet of the Haymarket and haymakers (Irish), were the two persons. They sang and acted, and acted and sang, varied their costumes and rectified their faces till identification became problematical, and vented such pleasing diversity of song and joke, now indulging in Sir Conundrum, and anon dispossessing themselves of Madame Ballad or dear Mamselle Cavatina, that the hearers, taken unawares, would fain have prayed for such eternity of delight. We ourselves were of the listeners listening, and partook our share of the pleasures going; but we were also of the critical criticising, and felt compelled not to close the vision upon certain blurs and blots which defouled the surface of the fair entertainment. The gentleman who indited the first part

no doubt intended to produce something exceeding funny and lightsome, but, unfortunately, his endeavour deviated into something exceeding lachrymose and weighty. We were supposed to be entertained with a *Bal Costumé*, introducing hints on etiquette and the formulas of good society; but etiquette proved indifferent slow, and good society was voted, by the judicious few, a decided bore. Great were the exertions of Madame Thillon, and multitudinous the talents she displayed; loud was Mr. Hudson's voice in the cause, and perpetual his motions: but not great exertion, nor copious talents, nor stentorian lungs, nor perpetuity of motion, could drive away the leaden atmosphere that covered the audience as with a cloak.

In the second part the sun of geniality broke out suddenly as from an eclipse. Mr. Albert Smith was the Sun—and as from Cymerean darkness when over Hymettus plain refulgent from sad Tithona's bed—but we shall not be metaphorical. Enough to say, Albert Smith wrote the second part. And now shone the planet, Thillon, in all her glory. But how she shone in her glory, how, planet-like, she veiled herself in many a lucent phase, how she warbled, and with what effect, and all the etceteras which constitute a success signal and *unique*, shall be unfolded in good set terms on Saturday next. Enough to avouch, Albert Smith wrote the second part, and Edward Loder composed, arranged, and accompanied. For further particulars *vide* advertisement, which has not been sent us.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From the New York Herald, Nov. 2.)

##### JENNY LIND'S TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT.

NEW YORK.—Last evening, at Tripler Hall, Mademoiselle Lind gave her twenty-ninth concert in America. The house was not so crowded as on the previous evening, but it was very nearly full. The great vocalist was never in better voice, and never more triumphant. She sung with more than her wonted fire. She sung the "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, with a brilliancy and execution surpassing her former efforts in the same song—there was nothing the sweet warbler sung during the night was so enthusiastically applauded, except the "Bird Song." In the recitative and cavatina, from *Nozze di Figaro*, she was completely successful. Her *sotto voce* was exquisitely beautiful, followed by a glorious *crescendo*; and she sung the cadence upon the concluding words, "in coronar di rose," with bewitching effect. In the duet from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore*, she was charming; but the gem which evidently delighted the audience most was the delicious "Bird Song," in which music, like nectar, overflowed from the breast of the Nightingale. She was rapturously encored. The most astonishing performance of all, was "The Mountaineer's Song," in her own native language. Her sustained notes exceed, beyond all comparison, anything we ever heard her do in any other song. The imitation of the horn, dying away, is perfect. We hope this song will be repeated. She was applauded throughout with the greatest enthusiasm.

Belletti succeeded in all that he attempted, and the instrumental performances were excellent. The "Wedding March" was encored, though it did not deserve it more than Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Leonora*.

On Monday afternoon, at half-past one o'clock, Miss Lind gives a morning concert, the proceeds of which will be devoted to charity.

JENNY LIND AND CAPTAIN WEST—TWO HANDSOME PRESENTS, AND A DINNER IN PROSPECT.

A heavy silver tankard and stand, lined and ornamented

with gold, and having exquisitely engraved and appropriate designs, has been presented to Captain James West, of the *Atlantic* steamship, by Jenny Lind, J. Benedict, and G. Benedict. It may be seen at Tiffany, Young, and Ellis's, Broadway. Besides this, Captain West will receive another present from Jenny Lind and suite, and their fellow passengers in the *Atlantic*, consisting of a massive silver, a pitcher, and four goblets. The silver is beautifully chased, and has inscribed on it the names of Jenny Lind, Josephine Ahmanson, Jules Benedict, Giovanni Belletti, and Max Hjortsberg. Beneath, in the centre, is the following inscription:—

"TO  
JAMES WEST, Esq.,  
COMMANDER OF THE MAIL SHIP  
ATLANTIC,

From those whose names are hereon inscribed, passengers on her  
third voyage from Liverpool to New York, August, 1850,  
as a testimonial of his professional skill, kindly  
nature, and manly character."

At the foot are the names of the committee, "J. G. Clarkson, James Taylor, A. Boody, Charles Joly, J. A. Appleton, A. M. Eastman, and James M. Kemp." On each side are arranged the names of the remainder of the contributors to the present, forty-one in number. These articles may be seen at the Irving House. The subscriptions to purchase them were paid by the passengers on board, and they come together on the Monday of the week after next, to present them to Capt. West, at the Irving House, when a dinner will be given to him, and Miss Lind and suite will be present. The passengers will come here from their various homes, many of them at a distance.

#### PRESENT TO MR. BENEDICT.

The members of the orchestra, appreciating Mr. Benedict as a conductor and a gentleman, are about to present him with a silver-headed baton, as a token of their esteem. He is well worthy of it.

#### THE DEBUT OF PARODI IN THE NEW WORLD.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

[November 5.]

"La Norma" is here. She appeared last night, at the Aster Place Opera House, in the perfect personation of Parodi. By seven o'clock a splendid *cortège* of beauty and fashion, garmented in toilets of bewitching brilliancy, poured in a splendid flood upon the scene. The entire musical temple was thronged in every part, each one breathless to hear and watchful to behold. Maretzek was warmly received on his entrance into the orchestra. The overture was brilliantly executed. The opening chorus was equal to the occasion, the silver-voiced Lorini admirable, and then the star of Italy—the peerless Parodi—entered. The plaudits were those of welcome and encouragement—warm-hearted, sincere, and protracted. The inimitable recitative of the cavatina at once seized on the audience. The sustained note, the clearness of enunciation, the dramatic expression, all told at once upon those present. In spite of the nervousness that pervaded the assembly, the orchestra, the vocalists, and the magnificent *prima donna* herself, the opening was triumphant. It even took those who had heard Parodi at rehearsal, by surprise. "Casta Diva" was sung according to the original score. There was no transposition. Bellini's ideal was given without absurd ornament, without meretricious display, in its own simple elegance of earnestness, and with an incomparable expression such as no one except a consummate artist could accomplish. From that triumph Parodi's success was certain,

and nobly did she proceed from that point to the close, almost paralysing the orchestra at times, and producing among them many an unrehearsed tremolo.

In the second act her dramatic capabilities and her vocalization strove for her supremacy; but they kept pace with each other, till the audience became thoroughly entranced by the originality, evenness, and force of her voice, method, and execution. Her acting added to the effect, and commanded almost the silence of those present. Thus she proceeded, giving a variety of expression to her features, and a purity and freshness to the tones of her unsurpassed voice, such as never before have been known in this country. We shall not dwell upon causes. We must content ourselves, at present, with results. What, then, were these? Why, the most perfect conviction on the part of every judge of high art, that Parodi is the greatest tragic vocalist of the day—and that her equal has never been known in this country. When she rose to the top of her compass, she executed her thrills without any ambitious attempts at ornament, and appealed to the most refined taste only in the vocal art. She resorted to no tricks. The consequence was, that she evoked the sublime, and impressed upon every one the unity of the composer's design, as well as the superiority of her own skill. Her triumphs were shared in by Amalia Patti, Novelli, and Lorini, each of whom merited the applause bestowed, and more commendation than we have time to administer.

There can be no doubt that Parodi is a great *artiste*. She was perfectly conversant with the entire score, and was imbued with the whole spirit of the libretto—a rare merit. Her sole purpose was with the creation of the composer. This she understood—this she revealed; and when, in the last scene, she sang "In mia mano," and "Qual cor tradisti," the whole assemblage bowed in willing admiration to her wonderful talents. At another time we shall take occasion to say what her voice is—what her style consists in—how far her physical constitution and temperament operate on her vocalization and her facial muscles, causing those extraordinary effects which only a few persons ever produced. These are very interesting subjects to those who are studious in musical matters, and are little understood even by musicians; but we are well aware of the influence of excitement upon such a temperament as Parodi's, and how extraordinary must be her triumphs under certain circumstances. The probability is, that when she is familiar with her orchestra and associates, she will create a still more wonderful sensation, though it scarcely seems possible.

The reception and applause, last evening, were of the most enthusiastic kind. At the termination of the cavatina, she was called out, and, at the same moment, two snow-white doves were loosed from the amphitheatre, amid a shower of verses. The following are copies. The Italian composition, of which the English is a very liberal translation, is said to be from the pen of Signor Maggi:—

#### ALL' EGREGIA ARTISTA LA SIGA. TERESA PARODI.

Ligure fior, donna gentile e bella,  
Si dolce e il canto, che ne accenda al core,  
Ch' esser ci pare trasportati in quella  
Sede, ú si loda il divin Fattore.  
Nuova quà brillerai fulgida stella,  
E tuo di certo sarà il primo onore,  
Che a'anco in voce v'ha chi t'è sorella  
In ogni studio ben le sei maggiore.  
Per te di vita abbondera l'ostello  
A scenich' arti e a' melodie sacroto  
Cui già tue note fanno ancor più bello.



E alfin squarciato cadrà poi quel velo  
Che molti accieca, e diran tutti meco  
Teresa sì che ne rapisce in Cielo.

Another star with welcome radiance fills  
This temple sacred to melodious art;  
Sweet daughter of the fair Ligurian hills,  
Thy voice descends upon our grateful hearts,  
Until, transported to celestial air,  
We feel what honours unto thee belong;  
Her northern garland let thy sister wear,  
Thine is the wreath of true Italian song;  
For now once more we feel its glowing strain,  
And own, in thee, the lyric muse again!

We trust that the public are now satisfied with such a remarkable tragic vocalist—that they will learn to appreciate such wonderful excellence. We have no doubt they will. Such a singer does not need factitious fame to make her way to the sensibilities of a warm-hearted people. What she has done elsewhere she will do here; and that all may know the history of her former triumphs, we will sketch, as briefly as possible, her history. Yet, we should not forget, in the first place, to state, that at the end of the performance, she was called before the curtain three times to receive the plaudits, bouquets, and acclamations of the audience—a *furor* having been excited by her transcendent abilities such as never before was known in this metropolis.

We have received late accounts, no less enthusiastic than the above, confirming Parodi's first success. Her performance of Lucrezia Borgia was universally pronounced equal to her Norma.

#### CATHERINE HAYES.

(Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine.)

It is a singular fact that Ireland, so essentially the land of song, whose bardic remains have obtained a world-wide reputation—whose national melodies alternate from the touchingly simple to the thrillingly superb, being alike “beautiful exceedingly,” whether they breathe the soul of pathos or glow with the fervour of martial enthusiasm—whose “keens” express the very passion and abandonment of grief—whose war-songs stir up the heart like the sound of a trumpet—it is a remarkable fact, we repeat, that our musical island has given to the lyric stage but a single female vocalist within our memory capable of interpreting with success the highest order of dramatic music. Although in every other branch of art our country has given proof of that genius and talent which are the inalienable birthright of her children, as a vocalist, Irish by birth and Irish in heart, who has already achieved triumphs which place in the shade many of the proudest lyric victories of the Italian and German prima donnas, Catherine Hayes stands alone.

A few years have only passed since Miss Hayes may be remembered in this city, a fair and gentle girl, receiving musical instruction from Signor Sapio, singing with him at the Anacreontic and other societies, and exhibiting on every re-appearance increased purity of style, refinement of taste, correctness of ear, and volume of voice. The committee of this society expressed their approbation of this remarkable improvement by a proportionably rapid increase in the amount of her salary—the inexperienced vocalist hereof, then unconscious of her powers, receiving with blended bewilderment and delight this proof of her onward progress in the art she loved. Yet then, though rising so rapidly and so steadily in the estimation of these, the best judges among our amateurs, though greeted with public applause and private eulogium, increasing

every day in flattering warmth—though not a little bewildered at the unexpected enthusiasm of the “bravos” and “encores” with which her early public performances were greeted—not one of her admirers could have foreseen the brilliant destiny that awaited her—not one of them could have anticipated her return to her native country in 1849, after having won in the land of song, both from fame and fortune, golden and glorious triumph.

Catherine Hayes is a native of Limerick, having been born at No. 4. Patrick-street, in that city, where she resided with her mother and sister up to the period of her departure for Dublin, to be placed under the tuition of Signor Antonio Sapio. The development of her musical talent was early—almost without precedent. From her childhood she exhibited a precocity of vocal power that excited astonishment and admiration, and won for her the generous patronage of the late Bishop of Limerick, to whose warm and liberal encouragement she owes the eminence she has gained, and whose congratulations, when she had triumphed over every difficulty attending her arduous upward struggle, and returned from Italy matured in genius and beauty, she ever acknowledges with tearful eyes to have been her best reward.

An incident, somewhat romantic in its character, formed the first introduction of Catherine Hayes to the late Hon. and Right Reverend E. Knox. Near to the See House, then situated in Henry-street, is the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick, in whose family an aged female relative of Miss Hayes resided. The gardens attached to these houses stretched in parallel lines to the banks of the Shannon, and were remarkable for their picturesque beauty. A woodbine-covered arbour near the river's brink was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half-hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the airs and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus delightfully occupied, “herself forgetting,” and never dreaming but that she was “by the world forgot,” some pleasure parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she even then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropped down the stream, pausing in the shadows of the trees, whence as from the cage of a singing bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, “The Lass of Gowrie,” the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage “And now she's Lady Gowrie” with that prolonged and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after cultivation her voice received, and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the grand opera to “rise at her,” and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm, the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory rose a rapturous shout of applause, the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her “native wood-notes wild” had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right Rev. E. Knox was one of those unseen listeners, and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent the natural growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening the open air practice terminated, and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, confi-

dent anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity, and she soon became the star of a series of musical reunions, chiefly given for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of Messrs. Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now organist to the cathedral of Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, amid a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes "came out," her rapid progress being soon manifest to all.

Mention has been made of the beautiful shake, clear, thrilling, and brilliant, with which Miss Hayes is gifted, as having produced the irrepressible burst of applause that indicated the presence of her first audience—applause, the memory of which, we dare aver, like that of a first victory, has been more dearly cherished than any, the proudest of her after triumphs. A brief history of the first discovery of this rare natural gift, which arduous and persevering study and constant practice may succeed in imitating, if not partially acquiring, but which, to be perfect must be *natural*, may not be uninteresting. Shortly before the period of Miss Hayes's introduction to Bishop Knox, and when quite a child, a lady in Limerick—a highly accomplished amateur—took great interest in the gentle and thoughtful girl, and invited Catherine Hayes frequently to visit her. With this lady as her first instructor, she essayed to improve her style of singing some simple ballads, and displaying in them considerable flexibility of voice and facility of execution, her patroness proposed that she should essay a shake. Surprised, yet flattered, and never dreaming that she really possessed such a gift, she refused with blushes and smiles; but on her return to the solitude of her garden-practice bower by the river's brink, she at once endeavoured to imitate the shake; her patroness had played for her instruction. She then ascertained, to her extreme delight, the existence of that beautiful and perfect ornament, which is one of the greatest charms of her singing. Timid by nature, retiring by habit, and scarcely believing in the possession of the precious gift, so newly discovered, she kept the secret to herself. At length one day, having taken her wonted position at the pianoforte, and being lost, as it were, in the pleasure of singing, she for a moment forgot alike her timidity and caution, and at the termination of the concluding verse of the ballad, finished with a shake so brilliant, so thrilling, so perfect, that it extracted a literal scream of delight from her astonished and grateful patroness, who, though pleased with, and proud of her young pupil, knew not till then the musical treasure she had discovered.

It was from this lady Miss Hayes acquired all the first elementary knowledge of music, which gave her, while still a child, those facilities of brilliant execution, fully developed by after instruction; and amid all the triumphs of her splendid professional career she has never ceased to cherish the remembrance of the surprise, "affectionate and glad," with which her shake on this occasion was greeted.

Bishop Knox, gratified beyond measure by the astonishing progress of his *protégé*, consulted a number of his and her friends in Limerick as to the best means of fully developing the qualities of her voice, and of making the great natural gifts she possessed subsidiary to her future maintenance. It was then determined that she should be placed under the care of some musical professor of eminence; and after much consultation, and a careful consideration of the merits of the various professors then in this metropolis, Signor Saphio was unanimously selected—a just compliment to the well-known

abilities of this professor, and the painstaking care he devoted to his pupils.

Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and took up her residence with Signor Saphio in Percy-place, it being a great additional recommendation to her mother, and her anxious relatives and friends, that the home thus provided for her was eligible in every respect, combining the greatest comfort with the utmost respectability. Her voice then possessed the beautiful clearness and silvery mellowness which are its characteristics; her natural taste was pure and refined; but in what may be called the mechanical portion of her art, in which it requires carefully and judiciously-directed study to acquire a mastery, she was still extremely deficient. In a few weeks, however, her improvement was astonishing, and her eagerness to learn, the assiduity of her study, and the persevering, painstaking constancy of her practice, amply fulfilled the bishop's anticipation, that when once placed in a position where her abilities might have room for development and display, she would "give her very soul to her art."

Her first appearance in public took place on the 3rd of May, 1839, just one month after her arrival in the metropolis. The scene of this then great event in her life was the annual concert of Signor Saphio, in the great room of the Rotundo, an entertainment uniformly commanding a large, fashionable, and discriminating auditory. Although it may be supposed her timidity was very great—so great, indeed, that the cordial welcome she received scarcely sufficed to restore her self-possession, her first public performance gave her friends assurance that their confidence in her natural powers was not misplaced. Even then, after only a few weeks' tuition, her improvement was so marked as to astonish the professional friends of her able master, who had only heard her sing previously, immediately after her arrival from Limerick, when the cultivation her voice had received amounted merely to the amateur instruction of her early friends in Limerick.

The following month Miss Hayes, accompanied by her pains-taking instructor, paid a visit to her birth-place, and greatly pleased her early patrons, whose astonishment at her rapid progress knew no bounds. The Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert expressly in her honour, and her performance gratified him exceedingly, and greatly delighted his guests. Ere leaving Limerick on this occasion she also sung in public at a musical entertainment, announced for her joint benefit and that of Signor Saphio; and the audience was both surprised and gratified to find her improvement so decided.

Having returned to Dublin, still under the care of Saphio, with whose family, as before, she resided, Miss Hayes pursued her musical studies with unremitting diligence, and an ardour, indeed, that required to be checked by the kind hand of her instructor, lest health might be sacrificed to over-practice and too close application. Still she occasionally sung in public, as, on the 12th of January, 1841, her appearance formed one of the attractions of a concert given by Mr. J. P. Knight. At this entertainment Miss Hayes was introduced to Liszt, the celebrated pianist, who was greatly pleased with her voice and style.

During the remainder of the year of 1841, Miss Hayes continued to be one of the leading vocalists at the Anacreontic, Philharmonic, and other Metropolitan concerts, her terms gradually increasing from five, till they reached ten guineas each performance. This may be an extremely commercial method of indicating steady improvement, but it is



more expressive than pages of eulogium. She visited Belfast, (singing at the opening of the Anacreontic Hall there,) Limerick again, Parsonstown, and other places, during the summer and autumn of 1841; and on the 12th of September, a great event in her life, as she then considered it, took place—an introduction to no less a personage than the great Lablache. Benedict was also present at this interview, during which, with much difficulty, as she often even now declares, that she vividly remembers being really frightened, she was prevailed on to sing "Qui la Voce," in order that the veteran might pass his awful and dreaded judgment on her pretensions to take some rank as a solo concert singer, the position at that time her proudest desires only sought to achieve. Lablache heard her with attention till the air was finished, when, instead of pronouncing the opinion which she tremblingly awaited, he asked her to try another and more difficult solo, and then a duet, in which he joined, and then another duet, so that, in fact, the trial terminated in a day's practice not soon to be forgotten by the gratified *debutante*. Lablache's opinion of her pretensions was at once flatteringly pronounced, and that opinion was afterwards communicated to Sapio in a letter.

It has been stated that the highest desire of Catherine Hayes at this period was to succeed in obtaining a position of some eminence as a concert singer; and it was only after her interview with Lablache, during which he invited her to go to the theatre the following evening and see Grisi and Mario perform together in the grand opera of *Norma*, that she felt the current of her destiny was changed. She had never witnessed great acting united with great singing before; and as she sat, with lips apart, eye dilated, and heart tumultuously beating, while the most splendid personation of the Druid priestess that the stage can boast passed like an exciting dream before her; as she heard the peals of applause reverberating through the house; as she beheld the literal shower of floral wreaths and bouquets with which, finally, the Queen of Italian Song was crowned, the first seeds were sown of ambition to excel in the lyric drama. How tame, how cold, how incomplete then appeared the greatest triumph or most flattering reception of the concert room—how treasured was the after presentation to the *Norma*—how little was the illusion affected by that dingy locality "behind the scenes"—how fixed, settled, and all-absorbing became the idea that no glory could surpass that of being called again and again before the curtain, and, half blinded by the glare, half suffocated by the heat of vainly endeavouring to hold the armful of bouquets presented, after his most fascinating fashion, by Signor Mario.

"Miss Hayes remained under the tuition of Sapio until August, 1842, when she returned to Limerick, one of her last performances in Dublin, being at a private concert given by the Countess De Grey. Once amongst her friends, she painted, with all the enthusiasm of her nature, and in the brilliant hues that youth extracts from hope, the prosperity that the stage held out, and implored their sanction in undertaking the study necessary to insure even a moderate amount of success. Her then most earnest desire was to proceed forthwith to Paris, in order to be placed under Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the master who educated Malibran for the operatic stage, and from whom Jenny Lind received some of her earliest lessons. This proposal would not at first be at all entertained by her relatives and friends; but there was no combating the anxious and incessant pleadings of the enthusiastic girl, and it was ultimately arranged that she should be at once placed under Garcia. A question then

arose as to how the journey could be performed by one so very young and inexperienced, and it was proposed that she should remain in her native city until a family, about to leave for Paris in two months, would be ready to depart, when she could accompany them. This the ardent girl declared not to be thought of, as two months' delay would be two months lost; and so feverishly anxious did she at last become, that her friends finally consented to her starting *alone*! The requisite preparations were then promptly made, and on the 12th of October, 1842, Catherine Hayes arrived in Paris, bearing a letter of introduction to George Osborne, the celebrated pianist, to the care of whose accomplished wife she was warmly recommended. Her reception was friendly and encouraging; and she ever speaks with affectionate warmth of their undeviating kindness, which rendered her stay in the French capital so full of happiness. Miss Hayes diligently pursued her studies under Garcia, who proved, to use her own enthusiastic words, 'the dearest, the kindest, and the most generous of masters,' during a year and six months, when her tutor declared he could not add a single grace or charm to the then fully developed and beautiful organ she possessed, so richly pure in tone, so extensive in compass, and so perfect, both in the upper and lower register. He advised her at once to proceed to Italy, as the best theatre for obtaining dramatic requirements indispensable for success on the lyric stage. Miss Hayes accordingly proceeded to Milan, where she placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother to the celebrated baritone, and then professor of singing to the *Conservatoire Royale*. While studying under his tuition, and laying the foundation of that fame which was shortly to bewilder the astonished girl herself, her clear, fresh voice, and cultivated style added not a little to the attraction of several musical parties to which she was invited. At one of these re-unions she was introduced to the once celebrated Grassani, and to Grisi, who warmly congratulated her on the possession of an organ so beautiful, and on the good fortune that attended its first education and after cultivation. Indeed, the impression made upon Madame Grassani by Miss Hayes's singing was so great, that she wrote to Signor Provini, then manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, telling him of the star that was about to dazzle the theatrical world, and advising him to lose no time in offering her an engagement. He immediately came to Milan, obtained an introduction to Miss Hayes, and after having heard her sing, offered her terms that seemed to her an absolute fortune, as an inducement to sign an engagement with him for three months. Her *debut*, terrible ordeal for one so young and inexperienced, accordingly took place at Marseilles, on the 10th of May, 1845, the opera chosen being Bellini's *I Puritani*; and a house crowded to overflowing, tending not to reassure, but unnerve her, as she well knew how severely critical was her audience. The kindness of her reception also added to her embarrassment, the

'Quiet and attention still as night,  
Or summer noontide air,'

with which the first tremulous notes of her voice was listened to, rendering the ordeal still more trying. At first she felt a tension of faintness and prostration; she thought her failure almost a certainty, and has often declared that the agony of that thought was nearly insupportable. The faintest cheer, the smallest demonstration of approval, would have been somewhat reassuring. But no—the long trying scene between Elvira and Sir George passed off in solemn silence. Not a 'hand' did the *debutante* obtain after her first welcome, until at last the eighth scene opened, and, in her rich nuptial attire,



the agitated Elvira entered, her lips as white with fear as the pale rose garland encircling her brow. Faint and frightened as she felt, the beautiful opening polacca 'Son Vergin' awakened in her musical soul the enthusiasm she so largely inherits, and never, perhaps, did she interpret this delightful air with more sweetness, more tenderness, more expression.

The ice was at once thawed. A generous burst of approbation startled her from almost despair into perfect rapture. A flattering *encore* then further bewildered her with a new and exquisite joy, and at its termination, as the shouts of approval followed her from the stage, she wept with pleasure to know that the dream of her life's ambition had begun to be realised—she felt she had succeeded. The curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, renewed again and again, till the agitated but delighted girl reappeared, when numbers of the passionately music-loving audience, who had rushed *en masse* from the theatre, and returned loaded with artificial flowers, literally filled the stage with their graceful offerings, making a perfect garden around the embarrassed *débutante*. The second appearance of Miss Hayes in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and her third opera, *Mosé in Egitto*, confirmed the favourable impression her *début* created; and during the three months of her stay at Marseilles, her popularity increased so rapidly and vastly, that Signor Provini used every argument, *golden* ones included, to induce her to accept an engagement for the Opera in Paris. However, as she felt that she had much to learn, she declined all these offers, and returned to Milan, where she gave her undivided attention to study, under the direction of Signor Ronconi.

It was while still diligently pursuing her studies, and practising under her able master with a painstaking assiduity that surprised him, that Signor Regondi requested her assistance at one of his annual musical *réunions*. At this concert she met Signor Morelli, manager of the La Scala Theatre at Milan, who immediately offered her an engagement, an offer she proudly and gratefully accepted; the post of *prima donna* at the first theatre in Europe being then, perhaps, for the first time occupied by so youthful an *artiste*, and only three months after the *début*! The *Linda di Chamouni* of Donizetti was the opera chosen for her first appearance, and it may convey some idea of the unprecedented enthusiasm of her reception to state, that, on the falling of the curtain, she was called before it no less than *twelve* times! Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and it was also a perfect triumph! the character of the gentle Desdemona being one which her delicate and graceful beauty of face and form peculiarly adapted her to represent. Her touching portraiture of Desdemona won for her the flattering designation, "The Pearl of the Theatre" (*La Perla del Teatro*), a happily descriptive title, by which she was known during the remainder of her stay at Milan, where she continued to win "golden opinions" through the autumn of 1845, and the carnival of 1846. She proceeded thence to Vienna, where her reception was also extremely flattering—so flattering, indeed, that, in her letter home, she declared she was quite "spoiled" and expressed some apprehension that her "head" might "turn" with the happy intoxication of such unexpected success.

On the first night of the carnival of 1847, Miss Hayes made her appearance at Venice in a new opera, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman, entitled *Albergo de Romano*. The overture with which it was introduced was spiritless and unpleasing, and the music of the opening scenes contained little promise, and was entrusted to inferior artistes. It fell with ominous coldness on the ears of the audience, and that heavy silence which sometimes precedes a theatrical as

well as an atmospheric storm, gradually settled down, as it were, over the house. When Miss Hayes entered in the middle of the first act, she had, in fact, not only to contend against the ill humour of a disappointed and displeased auditory, but to sustain the chief part in an opera that already had all but failed. Her fame, however, fortunately for the author, had preceded her, and when she entered, so young, so animated, so graceful—when the first tones of her sweet soprano, so silvery in their freshness and purity, were heard—the displeasure of the audience gradually subsided, and ere the curtain fell she not only saved the opera from summary condemnation, but rendered its first performance a triumphant success. Her next appearance was in *Lucia*, in noticing which the *Bazar di Novita*, the *Figaro*, and the other Venetian journals, exhausted the vocabulary of praise.

In the *Linda* too, our fair countrywoman delighted the Venetians, an unprecedented theatrical *émeute*, attesting the effect of her performance. At Venice the law regulating theatricals prohibits any artiste at any theatre from appearing before the curtain more than thrice, in compliance with a call of the audience. At the termination of Donizetti's charming opera, however, the excited crowd would insist on Miss Hayes coming forward a fourth time, and as she did not dare to disobey the police regulations the excitement became alarming, her admirers declaring that if not permitted to pay her this compliment as many times as they pleased, they would tear down the theatre. Permission was finally granted; and when Miss Hayes at last came forth, she was literally covered with floral offerings. After a short stay at Vienna, to which capital she was commanded to return by order of the Emperor, she again proceeded to Italy, her first stop being at Bergamo, where she received unusual favours. Here she had the gratification of meeting, for the first time, the celebrated tenor Rubini, who was one of the guests at a splendid banquet given by the Podesta in her honour. She had always ardently desired to hear this great master, and having hinted this wish he, with the most flattering promptitude, sang for her his most celebrated air from the *Pirata*, asking her afterwards to accompany him in the duet, "Su la Tomba," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Singing with this great master, Miss Hayes put forth all her powers and completely astonished the well-renowned tenor, who could with difficulty believe that a style so perfect could have been acquired after a comparatively short period of practice. He repeatedly assured her that he looked with the most lively anticipations for her success in England. During the remainder of her sojourn in Italy, Miss Hayes received unceasing complimentary marks of attention. At Florence Catalani's villa was always open to receive her; and on one occasion, when she sang there with unusual success, the ex-Queen of Italian Song kissed her affectionately before the assembled guests, and said—"What would I not give to be in London when you make your *début*! Your fortune is certain. And, remember, whenever *you* come, my doors shall be always open."

At Genoa, on the occasion of her farewell benefit, when the curtain fell, the ladies, who are among the proudest of Italian patricians, all left the boxes, and coming behind the scenes, presented her with enormous bouquets, uttering the warmest wishes for her success in England; for at this time Miss Hayes, after considerable persuasion, had been induced to accept an engagement in London, the managers of the Royal Italian Opera (which then boasted among its company Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Brambilla, Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, and the two Lablaches) offering her such flattering terms that she could not prudently decline them.

## JULES JANIN AND "LE PROPHETE."

(Translated from "France Illustrated.")

WHEN I reached the *Hotel des Princes*, I was in that state of stupor, which the sudden view of a variety of striking objects will inevitably produce. \* \* \* I called, and the waiter obeyed my summons. After having given him my orders, I went into my bedroom. "Will Monsieur sleep here?" said the worthy man, with a look of slight alarm. "Why do you ask?" I replied; "and what is there so frightful in sleeping here?" The man hesitated a moment, and then said, "If Monsieur does not like his accommodation to-night, he can change his room to-morrow." He left me, and I went to bed in that state of delightful sleepiness, and almost oriental stupor, which is natural to a man who has travelled fifty leagues before reaching Paris. \* \* \* And now I had a vision sweeter than I could possibly have conceived. I slept. How long I had slept I am ignorant; but suddenly, in the midst of my first slumber—a repose I had been anticipating for twenty days, whilst I was still gently rocked by that delightful motion of the post-chaise, which follows the traveller even to his couch—I heard, or thought I heard, the most touching and refined melodies. It was indeed exquisite harmony; and I can speak upon this subject as a connoisseur, for every great idea which has proceeded from the head and heart of talented musicians, I possess in my head and heart. Music has been the great study, or what amounts to the same thing, the great passion of my life. Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, Weber and Nicolo, Paësiello and Rossini—I am well acquainted with them all. Nevertheless, I was now listening to marvellous harmony; and, strange to say, it was quite new to me. The hand that played this invisible piano, if it was a piano, had a firm bold touch, with an admirable mixture of judgment and passion. At first it was a timid and mysterious sound, but soon it became clear, grand, and natural. I did not even try to ascertain whether I was awake, or whether I was indulged with a dream; I listened, and admired, and very soon wept. What a vast number of ideas in this extraordinary performance! How full of genius were those sounds! The man went from one passion to another, from grief to joy, from a curse to a prayer, from hate to love—and still continued, without taking breath, without stopping: he played in the true style of genius. What a man! Thoughtful even in his transports, spirited even in his stillness, he carried to the greatest extent the expression of Christian charity, and the frenzy of vengeance.

I knew nothing of this lamentable history, of which the principal details were passing confusedly before me; but I heard enough to understand that it was full of catastrophes. What was his end—his plan—his dream? To what vengeance was he advancing? I could not tell.

He was not bewildered by the expression of so many grand thoughts; nor by the chaos, into which he could with one word throw light. On the contrary, he sported with the disorder; he blended and confounded at pleasure all the elements of this imposing work. Without suspecting it, I was present at the completion of one of those immortal things, which men call master-pieces. I was dumb, confounded, delighted; I held my breath, and said to that sweet sleep I had so much desired—begone! \* \* \* The invisible genius stopped. You would have said to hear him so abruptly quit this nocturnal drama, that the passionate inspiration he had been obeying had suddenly left him. The man was evidently possessed with some great idea, which he had difficulty in thoroughly realising, but he was one of those persons who are

not easily discouraged. I heard him walk his room with measured steps, then he threw himself into a chair, as if he would sleep for an hour. Vain effort! There is no sleep for the work of a thought which is not yet complete. He returned then to his labour, but this time with an energy which had in it something of despair. And what a scene, or rather what a drama did he pourtray that night! What touching sympathy! What terror! and what love were expressed by these sweet notes! Cries of grief came from his soul, but they were so sad, so tender, so terrible, that he himself felt the sob to which he gave utterance. What rapture, what transport, and what depth of passion! Pure and melancholy voices ascended from this abyss. You could hear the sounds of the condemned from this open pit. There were a thousand terrors clashing with a thousand hopes. I was bewildered by it, and cried out for mercy and help! But at last all ceased, all became calm, all died away, and sleep again took possession of me; or rather, my dream continued, and I dreamed of you, ye harps, spoken of in scripture, hung upon the willows of the Euphrates!

The next morning, when my host came to my room to ask if Monsieur wanted anything, my first words were—"Who is it then?" I was pale, bewildered, transported. I frightened the man. "Ah! Monsieur," cried he, clasping his hands, "I see how it is—they have given you the next room to Meyerbeer!" And it was really he—it was Meyerbeer! It was the inspired author of *Robert le Diable*, the celebrated poet of the *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer, the king of modern art, the man who has made even Rossini draw back—the triumphant Meyerbeer. And do you know what music it was that I had heard during the night? It was the already burning sketch, the first cries, the sudden griefs, the passions of that new drama called *Le Prophète*, which no one had yet heard except myself, in my sleeping room at the *Hotel des Princes*.

M. JULES JANIN.

## EXETER HALL.

(From a Contributor.)

THE ill adaptation of Exeter Hall for the purpose of a music room, or for oratorical meetings, has been long known. It would be superfluous to adduce instances of complaint, they have been so general; and the inquiry, why should London be without a good music hall, has been reiterated for years. Far more forcibly has this cry been repeated since the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The magnitude of the orchestra assembled under the auspices of this institution has additionally served to illustrate the need for a better arena in which to display its vast resources.

Beyond mere suggestion and complaint, however, nothing has until now been attempted, except a few abortive proposals to erect music halls. The various schemes for these buildings, but too often put forward by interested and speculative parties, as fast as projected, fell to the ground.

The great *sclat* produced by the last Birmingham Festival, under the able guidance of Mr. Costa, was the means of arousing the attention of some of the leading members of the Sacred Harmonic Society to a full sense of the necessity for a well-adapted music hall in the metropolis. The opening of St. Martin's Hall, shortly after, gave additional stimulus to this feeling.

After attentive consideration, and the collection of such information as in the event of its having been decided upon to erect a new hall would have greatly facilitated the undertaking, it was ultimately agreed that the most advisable course to pursue would be, in the first place, fairly to place the deficiencies of Exeter Hall before the proprietors of that building; and while impressing upon them the necessity for immediate attention being given to it, also to point out that in so far as the Sacred Harmonic Society was concerned, the members of it were anxious to continue their old



tenancy in preference to building a new hall, provided the defects so constantly complained of could be remedied.

With this view a lengthened statement was prepared by Mr. Bowley (one of the Committee of the Society, and an auditor of Exeter Hall,) which, after pointing out the position and prospects of the building, and the probability of a new hall being erected unless material improvements were made in Exeter Hall, ended by urging the adoption of three important alterations.

These comprised, *first*,—The removal of the central projecting wall at the east end of the building, and throwing back the organ nearly 18 feet, causing the recesses, with their low ceilings, to appear as part of the main body of the hall.

*(The extent to which this has acted hitherto unfavourably on the performances may be inferred, when it is born in mind that this wall, with the organ, divided the bass from the tenor chorus by a projection of nearly 30 feet square; the recesses in which the bulk of the chorus was placed having a ceiling 3 feet lower than the body of the hall, with a projecting beam and cornice in front, 3 feet 6 inches still lower.)*

The second important point urged upon the notice of the Directors was the removal, from the front of the west gallery, of the four square pillars, with the heavy cornice and entablature above, and raising the ceiling to the general height of the centre of the hall.

*(Some idea of the inconvenience heretofore experienced may be imagined, when it is mentioned that each pair of these pillars occupied a space exceeding 8 feet in width, and that the only place on the last row of the gallery, from which the full extent of the orchestra could be seen at one view, was about 7 feet in the centre. Being also carried up to the ceiling, they, in appearance, supported a cornice and entablature 6 feet 6 inches in depth, which most effectually prevented the full effect of the orchestra from being heard by the occupants of the gallery.)*

The third and principal alteration suggested was, either to raise the walls of the building, and gain general increased height, or else to remove the lantern, and curve the ceiling upwards, constructing it of wood, free from all projections and angles.

This statement was transmitted to the Board of Directors, who at first declined carrying out any of the alterations.

Reconsideration of the question, however, ultimately induced the Board to appoint a Committee, charged to consider the possibility of improving the hall for sound.

As it had been offered in the statement submitted by Mr. Bowley, that the opinions of the most eminent musical authorities should be given in, as to the propriety of the proposed alterations, immediate steps were taken to procure them. Sir George Smart, Mr. Costa, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Lurle, Mr. Goss, Dr. Elvey, Professor Taylor, Mr. Bartley, the leading vocalists engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with several of the able critics attached to the metropolitan journals, and many other high musical authorities, kindly furnished their views in favour of the alterations proposed. The Directors of the Hall also applied to several architectural and acoustical authorities, and the result was the accumulation of a large mass of evidence.

Two points proposed, *viz.*,—The removal of the east wall, and of the west gallery pillars, were quickly conceded by the Board; but the question of the best form of ceiling became a subject of great anxiety, and caused much discussion.

As the Directors, in the outset of the inquiry, expressly stipulated that the external roof should not be removed, it became a matter for consideration whether a slightly elevated flat ceiling, with ornamental plaster work, should be adopted, or whether a boarded ceiling, curved upwards, should be preferred. The advocates of the former had all but succeeded in carrying their point, when Mr. Daukes, of Whitehall Place, the architect of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and of many other large and important buildings, on consideration of the requirements and stipulations annexed to the suggested alterations, proposed to erect without tie-beams, or iron cross-rods, wrought iron supports to the external roof in such a manner that they would allow of the ceiling being curved up; thus gaining upwards of 12 feet central height, with a considerable additional elevation at each end of the hall, forming the surface of the ceiling throughout free from all projection, and boarding it as originally suggested.

This plan, which from its novelty and boldness at first startled some of the Directors, was, after two months careful consideration and examination, and with the approval of the most eminent practical authorities, ultimately adopted, and possession of the hall was taken on the 1st of September by Mr. Mare, the contractor for the iron work (who was also the contractor for the Britannia Bridge), and by Mr. Myers (the contractor for the Colney Hatch Asylum) for the other portions of the work, Mr. Daukes superintending the whole.

The following is a technical description of the plan as carried into effect:—

To the principals of the roof, wrought iron girders (of a circular form on the under side) have been attached, composed of plates of the best boiler iron, varying in thickness from one-half to one-quarter of an inch, with angle-iron at the top and bottom, and stiffeners of strong T iron, and strips to cover the various joints.

These girders were raised into the roof in pieces, and supported in their places from the tie-beams, till they were rivetted together with red hot rivets; a furnace for that purpose having been erected in the roof. There are in the whole work upwards of 25,000 rivets.

Each girder when it had been placed on the walls, and completely put together, was weighted with seven tons of pig-iron distributed over its entire length, and while thus loaded was bolted to the timber principal. The deflection from this process was 1½ of an inch only.

The ends of the girders were supported upon sliding plates of smooth and greased iron affixed to the wall-plate, which allowed of the spread corresponding to the deflection of the arched iron without affecting the walls: the extent of the spread was one-half of an inch at each end. By this means the effect of any thrust upon the walls was obviated previous to the iron-work being bolted to the timber.

Besides the ten girders which were thus secured to the timber principals, there are two independent iron girders of a much stronger construction, weighing about nine tons each, and nine smaller ones; all of these were tested with corresponding weights. Nearly eighty tons of iron were introduced into the roof, a weight which, although apparently large, is considerably less than the old massive timber and plaster ceiling.

It was estimated that the girders would have to bear a weight of sixty-four pounds per square foot, and upon this calculation they were constructed, whereas the actual weight they have to support is found to be only forty-five pounds per square foot, the breaking weight being estimated at more than two hundred and twenty pounds.

When the whole of the iron-work had been fixed to the wooden principals, the tie-beams, and other timbers originally supporting the principals, and which had formed an excellent scaffolding for the furnace and rivetters, were cut away to the edge of the curved iron girders. The ceiling joists, and boarding, were then attached to the iron flanges.

During this operation, and since the removal of the tie-beams not the slightest visible deflection of the arched girder, or strain of the walls in any way, can be observed; thus demonstrating in the plainest manner the perfect success which has attended Mr. Daukes's bold and original conception.

The following comparative clear width of various public buildings additionally attest the merits of the plan now carried out.

	Ft. in.
Exeter Hall ... ..	76 9 wide,
Westminster Hall ... ..	68 0
Town Hall, Birmingham ... ..	65 0
Philharmonic Concert Room, Liverpool ... ..	64 0
Whitehall Chapel ... ..	55 0
St. Martin's Hall ... ..	55 0
Victoria Room, Clifton ... ..	51 0
Guildhall, London ... ..	48 0
New Houses of Lords and Commons ... ..	45 0
King's College Chapel, Cambridge ... ..	44 0
Freemasons' Hall ... ..	43 0
Hanover Square Concert Room ... ..	35 6

It will thus be seen that Exeter Hall is capable of displaying a more extended orchestra than any other building in this, or probably any other, country.

As the completion of the works have necessarily somewhat delayed the usual time of commencing the season, it has been left

until the close of the ensuing summer to carry out the decoration of the hall, the present painting of ceiling, &c. being temporary.

As no opportunity offered for the rehearsal of a new work, and as it was considered advisable the Hall should be opened with the oratorio best fitted to exhibit its improved form, it was decided to commence the season with a performance of the *Messiah*, being for the 56th time in the Large Hall, by the Society, and their 227th concert in the same place.

Advantage has been taken of the re-erection of the organ to effect considerable alterations and improvements in it. The keys have been reversed, some larger pedal-pipes have been added, and the body of the instrument much improved in tone.

Considerable additions have been made to the Band. It now includes 16 double basses, and the same number of violoncellos, with 82 violins and violas. Among the additional professional performers in these departments, may be named Messrs. Campanile, Pratten, H. Chipp, Guest Dando, Doyle, Zerbini, Cusins, &c., while some increase and modification have taken place in the *repiani* wind.

The concert season, which terminated in June last, was the most successful the Society has yet had, and the already great increase of subscribers over the amount of any former year, justifies the expectation that, with increased zeal on the part of the Members of the orchestra, and those who undertake the direction of the Institution, aided by the energy and talent brought to bear on it by the assistance of Mr. Costa, an increase of usefulness and service to the art may be anticipated from the continued prosperity of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The performance of the *Messiah* will be repeated on Friday next, the 6th of December.

November 29, 1850.

### Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

THE POET.—O poet! Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in twilight; wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown with stars; wherever are forms with transparent boundaries; wherever are outlets into celestial space; wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is beauty, plenteous as rain shed for thee, and though thou should'st walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble.—EMERSON.

EXPRESSION IN MUSIC.—Expression in music has reference to the *intensity* of sounds in their different degrees of softness or of strength. The softness of sounds generally produces impressions of calmness, repose, tranquil pleasure, and of gradation of these different states of the mind. Loud, boisterous, and piercing sounds, on the contrary, excite strong emotions, and are proper for the expression of courage, anger, jealousy, and other violent passions; but if sounds were constantly soft they would soon become wearisome by their uniformity, and if they were always loud they would fatigue both the mind and the ear; besides, music is not designed merely to describe the states of the soul; its object is frequently vague and indeterminate, and its result rather to please the senses than to address the mind. This is particularly to be remarked in instrumental music. But whether we consider the excitability of the faculties of the soul, and the numerous changes of which they are susceptible, or have regard to impressions upon the senses only, it will be readily admitted that the intermixtures of soft and loud sounds, and their various successive degrees, are powerful means of expressing the one, and of giving birth to the other. We generally give the name of *expression* to this mixture of softness and strength, to this

increase or diminution of force, and, indeed, to all the accidental characteristics of sounds; not because their object is always to *express* either ideas or sentiments, for they are frequently the result of nothing more than mere fancy, or of a vague, indefinable impression; but it cannot be denied that their well-ordered intermixture has the effect to excite us so much the more vividly as the object is less definite. If we should ask skilful singers, or great instrumental performers, what induces them to give strength to particular sounds, to make others scarcely audible, and gradually to increase or diminish their force, to produce certain sounds in an animated and very distinct manner, or to connect them together with a graceful negligence and softness, we should wait long for the answer; or, rather, they would simply reply: "We do not know, but that is the way we feel;" and certainly they will be right, if they transfer their sensations to the souls of their auditors. Further, if they are themselves capable of observing, they will acknowledge that the same passages have not always affected them in the same manner, but that it has happened to them to express them with very different feelings, though the result might be equally satisfactory. This faculty of expressing the same musical thoughts, in several ways, might be very inconvenient, if each one of several performers should follow the impression of the moment, for it might happen that one would be executing his part with force, while another would be performing his with softness, and a third would distinctly articulate the sounds of a passage, which his neighbour would think proper to connect together. Hence arises the necessity that the *composer* should point out his own ideas, in regard to expression, as he does in regard to the time, by unequivocal signs, which, in fact, is always done. The signs of expression are of several kinds. Some relate to the strength or to the softness of sounds, others are intended to show whether they are to be separated or connected; and others to show slight variations of the movement, which contribute to increase the effect of the music. Fancy may multiply these marks, and imagine new ones. As to the *expression* which a *great artist* gives to his playing or singing, it is the *voice of the soul*, which is scarcely ever heard in the same tone, even under similar circumstances, and which cannot be expressed to the eye by volumes of signs. Such a multitude of delicate shades of expression, prepared before hand, would be both ambitious and cold, and would injure, instead of increasing, the effect of the music.—Extracted from —, by *Aurelian*.

What is life worth without a heart to feel  
The great and lovely, and the poetry  
And sacredness of things? for all things are  
Sacred,—the eye of God is on them all,  
And hallows all unto it. It is fine  
To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought,  
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;  
To joy in what might be if will and power  
For good would work together but one hour.  
Yet millions never think a noble thought;  
But with brute hate of brightness, bay a mind  
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.  
Throw but a false glare round them, and in shoals  
They rush upon perdition: — *Bailey's Festus.*

For ill can Poetry express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime;  
And Sculpture, mute and motionless,  
Steals but *one* glance from time.  
But, by the mighty actor's power,  
Their wedded triumphs come;  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture, to be dumb,



## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

## HAYMARKET.

## MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

SINCE we wrote last week, Mr. Macready has appeared in Cassius, Werner, Hamlet, and Richelieu, in all for the last time. Cassius is, perhaps, one of the great actor's most wonderful performances, if not one of his most varied and important. The character might almost seem to have been written with an eye to his peculiar powers and genius. That impetuosity and irritability of temperament, which Shakspeare has loved to delineate in so many of his creations (witness Coriolanus, Hotspur, and others, as well as Cassius), are native, and to the manner born in Macready, and singularly besit him in the representation. Indeed, so congenial are such characters to the actor, that it might be said in their performance there is no assumption; in playing them he but plays himself; art is almost superseded by nature. Werner is another fiery, impetuous, irascible character, that suits the style of Macready to perfection. Hamlet, on the other hand, from the different phases under which it is represented, demands an unusual amount of skill from the artist; and herein Mr. Macready more strongly demonstrates the greatness and originality of his powers than in a part more suited to him. His Hamlet is, in our opinion, one of his very finest and most finished performances. After Lear we should select it as his best. On Wednesday night he seemed to outdo all his former efforts, and was applauded enthusiastically in every scene. In the third act he created a perfect *furor*. The performance attracted one of the most crowded audiences of the season. It was the great actor's last appearance in one of his favourite parts, a circumstance which lent to the performance a deep amount of interest.

On Monday *Richard II.* will be produced, and on Wednesday *Henry VIII.*, Mr. Macready playing Cardinal Wolsey for the last time but one.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## MR. F. FLOWERS AND MR. CHORLEY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Whatever may be the merits of Mr. French Flowers' criticisms on the literary capabilities of Mr. Chorley, I cannot but regret that he should have descended to such an unworthy device as to exclaim against a gentleman for what he may please to regard as certain peculiarities.

Mr. F. Flowers is entitled to consideration, as he has contributed much time and industry in his communications to the pages of the *Musical World*; but those contributions must naturally lose much of their interest, when they exhibit thoughts so unbecoming a gentleman and an artist.

I have heard the *Musical World* soundly abused for admitting such language; but any one conversant with the difficulties which beset the editors of a work like the *Musical World*, will easily imagine, that, to exclude the correspondence of artists, would only tend to draw down upon them suspicions of every shade. I cannot help thinking that, when Mr. Flowers calmly reperuses his last letter, he will regret that, in a moment of irritation, he should have used expressions which so sadly disfigure his intended criticisms upon Mr. Chorley's literary merits in the last number of your periodical.

I remain, truly yours,

London, Wednesday.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

[Our sentiments on the matter are expressed in the first page of this number.—Ed.]

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

## MR. SEYMOUR'S QUARTET CONCERTS.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

Quartet, Two Violins, Messrs. SEYMOUR & E. W. THOMAS,  
Tenor and Violoncello, in A Major. . . . . Mozart.  
Solo, Violoncello, HERR LIDEL, (German Air) . . . . . Bosen.

## PART II.

Quartet, Two Violins, Messrs. E. W. THOMAS & SEYMOUR,  
Tenor and Violoncello, in D . . . . . Mendelssohn  
Quintet, Two Violins, Two Tenors, and Violoncello, in C  
Major . . . . . Beethoven.

The first quartet concert for the season took place as above, at the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Town Hall, on Thursday, the 21st inst. Influenza and catarrh, and a drizzly November night, would have effectually kept your correspondent at home had he been provided with a ticket as usual—to say nothing of the six miles to be traversed, three each way, from his domicile to the Chorlton Town Hall and back. Although not present, however, we consider such a concert ought not to go unnoticed or entirely unrecorded in the pages of the *Musical World*. In the first place, the selection was of the highest order—Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven; and the executants, who would rank high even in the metropolis, in the provinces are unsurpassed. Messrs. C. A. Seymour, E. W. Thomas, Baetens, and Lidel, form a quartet whose excellence is at once acknowledged, without disparagement to Mr. Seymour's former able coadjutors. Mr. E. W. Thomas has recently settled in Liverpool, and is leader of the Philharmonic Concerts there. As Mr. Seymour is leader at the Concert Hall here, it must have been highly gratifying to those present to see two such talented men alternately playing (without a shadow of jealousy) first and second fiddle to each other. No vocalist is mentioned, nor is any advertised for Hallé's next concert (are they going to venture instrumental concerts solely?) We regret much not being present at this first quartet party (but it could not be helped!); it must have been a most equal and perfect performance, the artists being all competent to their task, and none of inferior talent to each other. We understand the concert went off with a completeness of character that left nothing to be desired, and the performance of each great master's work "was listened to with a lively attention, and received with rapturous applause," at least so says the *Manchester Guardian*. A friend of ours, an amateur at Burton-on-Trent, who has been blind from infancy, has just published a set of twelve double chants; a copy of which having been sent to you, we should be glad to see your opinion thereupon. We like them much, especially 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, and 9. Flotow's opera of *Leoline* was produced at our Theatre Royal on Saturday night last, and has been repeated every evening this week. It is described in the *Guardian* as of the picturesque, French school; the music, light, pleasing, and pretty, but nothing great or good, grand or striking about it. Mr. Travers gets a nightly encore in one of the prettiest airs, "My boyhood's love;" a drinking song, "Kingly wine," for Mr. Borroni, is favourably mentioned; and a trio, with organ and chorus in the distance. The scenery is very good; one scene, with the peasants hurrying to and fro with their torches, seeking the lost Leoline, is very striking and effective. Mr. A. Harris gets a word of praise for his management of the grouping and costumes, as also does Mr. Seymour, for his able conduct of the efficient orchestra. Auber's *Massaniello* is to be the next opera produced; it is a revival, after a long interval, of a very popular and favourite opera at the time, and its reproduction is looked forward to with some interest.

## LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Being otherwise engaged last week I could not send you a letter; but, to make amends, I commence with a notice of Miss Whitnall's concert, which was remarkable for the *début* of Miss Christina Dawson, whose romantic history appeared in your columns some few weeks ago,

Miss Whitnall gave her annual concert at the Theatre Royal, on Monday evening week, and though the weather was exceedingly unpropitious, we were glad to see that the attendance was both large and fashionable.

The great attraction was Miss Christina Dawson. This young lady has, we think, been brought before the public too soon. The talents which might attract notice in the public street will scarcely satisfy the *habitudes* of concert-rooms; and it is for Miss Dawson's sake, much to be regretted that her friends have induced her to appear as a public singer before the undoubted talent she possesses has been brought to maturity. There are many singers enjoying considerable popularity who do not possess so good a voice as Miss Dawson, but with them the defects of nature have been supplied by the resources of art and diligent study. Miss Dawson's voice is fresh and of considerable compass, but managed with little skill. The high notes are sharp and abruptly produced, while her whole style of singing is defective in expression and refinement. We should not perhaps have said so much on this subject, but we think that Miss Dawson's chances of future fame have been injured by the injudicious advice of partial friends, who have attempted to raise her to a height in public estimation which the greatest artists only attain after years of severe toil. With care and unremitting assiduity in the study of her profession, Miss Dawson may yet become a great singer, and more than verify the prophecies of her friends and patrons.

Another name which figured attractively in Miss Whitnall's programme was that of Heinrich Werner, a boy pianist, only nine years of age, who has played before continental kings, princes, and dilettanti, and in this country has been patronised by her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and by the public at the National Concerts at the Opera House.

Making due allowances for his peculiar and necessary physical deficiencies, we confess that the performances of the "Little Beethoven" are worthy of mention. His style is tasteful, and his memory strong. He played Doehler's difficult fantasia on themes, from *Anna Bolena*, and a composition of his own, without any music before him, in a pleasing manner, which elicited frequent applause of the audience.

His love for music is undoubtedly great, and his performances prove that, though so young, he is fully capable of appreciating the beauties and mastering the difficulties of the principal composers who have written for the pianoforte.

Herr Molique's performances demonstrated, to the satisfaction of all present, that fame, in styling him one of the greatest violinists of the day, had not erred. His style is different from that of Sivori and Vieuxtemps, and is remarkable for a chaste elegance, which charms both the critical musician and the unlearned amateur. By Molique all difficulties are overcome with so much ease, that it is hard to believe that playing the violin as he does, is one of the greatest and most arduous of musical efforts. His "Fantasia on English Airs," and a "Souvenir du Simplon," were played to perfection, and more loudly applauded than instrumental solos generally are by a large audience, who, on this occasion, listened to each with rapt attention.

Miss Whitnall surpassed all her previous efforts in public, and was frequently encored. Her two best performances were a song composed by Herr Molique, "Bird, fly from hence," and Rodwell's ballad, "Charming May," one of the prettiest and most piquant of modern native compositions.

The other artists were Messrs. Miranda, Wallworth, and Percival, each of whom sang and played in his usual style. The former gentleman improves at every hearing, but the two latter do not progress so well as could be wished. The programme contained little that was novel or of the "classical" school in music; but we are bound to confess that the audience appeared exceedingly well pleased with all they heard.

Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Haddock's Second Classical Chamber Concert took place on Wednesday evening last, in the saloon of the Philharmonic Hall, and was much better attended than the first, proving that classical music, well played, is sure to meet with encouragement in the end. The concert commenced with Mozart's quartet, No. 4, in E flat, in which the illustrious composer's grandeur, suavity, and playfulness, were well depicted; it was most rapturously applauded. We hailed Mr. Horsley's new

oratorio, *David*, as an advent of musical enterprise that gave a stimulus to our native musicians; and now congratulate amateurs on the acquisition to their libraries of a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, by M. Silas, scarcely individual in character; but, in the absence of direct plagiarism, full of promise, and by no means deficient in vigour. The first movement, in C minor, is brilliant; the scherzo happily imagined and expressed, the first part being well contrasted with the playfulness of the episode; the andante, though flowing in its opening, betrays a want of idea; and shows that this young musician has yet much to achieve; the finale is animated, and kept up with spirit to the end. Each movement was applauded with an earnestness that showed the audience appreciated the music and its rendering.

Mrs. Beale, the pianist, had full scope for that brilliancy of finger-spirit for which she is remarkable, and was admirably supported on the violin and violoncello by Messrs. Thomas and Haddock. The duet for two violins, by Spohr, was applauded to the echo, and introduced to our notice Mr. Baetens, as a violinist of the first class. A generous spirit of emulation seemed to actuate the performers, who were evidently above all petty jealousies, and only bent on doing their best for the author, who has displayed the capabilities of the violin in a most masterly and elegant manner, and shown his science by distributing the harmonies in the slow movement so as to attain the effect of a perfect quartet. Messrs. Thomas and Baetens did themselves infinite credit by this performance.

The second part commenced with an arrangement of a quartet for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, the "strings" being originally "wind" instruments. This was a great treat, but as it is so well known\* description would be a matter of supererogation; suffice it to say, it was well played, and, as a matter of course, well received. And now for the gem of the evening—Mendelssohn's quartet in D—which worked up the audience to a perfect fury of enthusiasm, and sent them all away gratified to their hearts' content. Mr. Thomas never pleased us more than now, and we cannot conclude without expressing our belief that these concerts will do more to raise the musical taste of Liverpool than many of higher pretensions; and we look forward to each succeeding one with anxious pleasure.

On Wednesday week Mr. William Sudlow delivered his second lecture on the musical services of the Church of England, at the Philharmonic Hall, to a numerous audience. The portion of the services commented on consisted of the lessons, "Te Deum," "Benedictus," "Jubilate," "Magnificat," "Nunc Dimittis," creeds, the prayers and versicles, down to the commencement of the litany. Mr. Sudlow, after reviewing his first lecture, noticed objections that had been made to the views he propounded, as tending to the revival of obsolete forms and distinctions, which, at the present moment, might be misinterpreted. He justified his statement as having been made by the clergy themselves, and quoted Dr. Webb and others as authorities for his observations on the proper mode of conducting the services. He had strictly adhered to the rubric; he pointed out the reasons for different modes of performing the service, so as to distinguish prayer from praise, information (as the lessons) from absolution, the work of man from the work of God. He concluded by a strong appeal for a daily service, as prescribed by the rubric, referred to in the "Te Deum," "Day by day we magnify thee," and other portions of the service, and said, if congregations would not attend (which he did not believe), there was the greater necessity for the clergy to pray for them. He also referred to the danger of altering what appeared to be trifles in the mode of performing services, but that inevitably led to the alteration of more important matters. At the present time, when, from the appearance at the public meetings throughout the country, there is as great danger of the established church suffering from the intemperate zeal of the ultra Protestants as from the Romish pretensions, Mr. Sudlow's lectures may be of great benefit, by making the public aware of the intention of what some may deem unnecessary forms; but we regret, that while supporting the *forms*, he did not glance at the *objects* of an established church and daily

\* It would have been well had our correspondent specified it by name. "Well known" as it is, we are at a loss to guess which it is.—Ed. M. W.

† Again we should like to have known which quartet of Mendelssohn.—Ed.



services. He might have commenced with the idea of a church which existed at Bangor before the intrusion of Augustine, in which the services *never ceased*, during day or night. The wayfarer, the penitent, those who desired protection from evil, or those who desired to return thanks for good, could at any moment repair to the church, and find service going on; he might have pointed out that an established church is for the unlearned, who cannot read, for their instruction, and for the poor, unable to pay for it; he might have taken out of the mouth of the sectarian the cry, "Let every one pay his own parson," and shown that as the church is the visible sign of Christ upon earth, it is bound to hold out the invitation, "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden," to the poor; and that for the purpose of carrying out these duties as an established church, it is necessary to have forms from which no departure can be admitted.

The illustrations given by Mr. Sudlow's choir were the "Te Deum," to the Ambrosian chant; the same from a service by Dr. S. J. Wesley; the sentence, "The holy church doth acknowledge thee," was added to the previous period, and a division made between the "Father of an infinite majesty," and "Thine honourable, true, and only Son;" and similar breaks in the latter part, wholly irrespective of full stops or commas, which we have not room to particularise. Does not Mr. Sudlow know Jackson's (of Exeter) arrangements of this and other portions of the service given at this lecture, that he never alluded to them?

Mr. Best's "Magnificat," and "Nunc Dimittis," particularly the latter, were the nearest approach to them; but he has sadly lost himself in his "Gloria Patri" to each. There should also have been a change in "He hath put down the mighty from his seat," instead of the whole phrase being put to one note. A Jubilate of Samuel Wesley was also given. The "Athanasian Creed" was chanted from Tallis, and the remainder of the service from both Tallis and Hill. Mr. Sudlow said, in his remarks upon the composers of church music, that the reason so little good was composed was, that the public would not pay for it. The most trumpy ballad would be much more lucrative than the finest psalm. Alfred Tennyson's poetry would beat Archbishop Tennyson's sermons out of the field.

[There is truth in the doctrine inculcated by Mr. Sudlow in the last paragraph, but his illustration is sadly out of order. Any two verses of Alfred Tennyson are worth any dozen sermons of his near namesake.—Ed. M. W.]

The *Baltic* has just arrived; I send you extracts from the *New York Herald* of the 16th inst. J. H. N.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**VAN MAANEN.**—We have received several pieces of music composed by Mr. J. C. Van Maanen, the talented band-master of the 62nd Regiment, at present stationed in this town. All who have heard the performances of the band of the 52nd have been delighted with the manner in which, under the direction of Mr. Van Maanen, they execute the most difficult morceaux, and will, therefore, expect that his talents as a composer are of more than average merit. His "Atherstone Schottische" is one of the most pleasing pieces of dance-music we have heard, and fully deserves the great popularity it has acquired. It is played everywhere in Liverpool, and is universally liked for the beauty and originality of its melody, and the distinct manner in which the time is marked. The "Marianen" is a lively and piquant polka of considerable merit, and is far superior to the average run of polkas. The "Amelia" and "Naiden" waltzes we do not like quite so well. Mr. Van Maanen composes music of a strongly marked character better than that in which a flowing style is required. "Oh! sigh not now" is a sentimental song, to which Mr. Van Maanen has wedded expressive and appropriate music. It is likely to become a great favourite in the drawing-room.—*Liverpool Mail*.

**SONTAG AND MALIBRAN.**—Mdlle. Sontag returned to Paris in December, 1847. The Italian Opera was then fallen under the rule of M. Laurent. There she found Malibran in the plenitude of her fame and glory. The theatrical gossips and the Parisian *gobemouches* either hoped or expected—all of them predicted—that a war was about to arise betwixt the two stars now forced to

move in the same orbit—a war which would eclipse the encounters of Juno and Venus in the days of Paris and of the siege of Troy. For once, the Greeks of Paris and the Trojans of the Salle Favart were disappointed. It is little to be doubted that the gentle and affectionate nature of Mdlle. Sontag, and the generosity which characterised at all times the impetuous Malibran, would, under any circumstances, have united the two great vocalists—and of this supposition the more than probability is established by the fact that all other *cantatrici*, of equal pretensions, have never failed to be severed by jealousy the moment they have met on the same stage. But long before Mdlle. Sontag's arrival in Paris the second time, she had become acquainted with Malibran. Those amongst our readers who have lived in Paris when it was a centre of society, instead of a centre of revolution, cannot fail to have heard, at least, of the Countess of Merlin. This Havanese lady, a gifted practical *dilettante*, with Countess de Sparre (Mademoiselle Naldi), and her countryman Orfila (no less distinguished as a vocalist than as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, and the greatest of toxicologists), were wont to give concerts which were thronged by all the *Melomanes* of the French capital. Madame Merlin thus naturally became the "*arbitre elegantiarum*" of Paris, as far as regarded musical taste, and her house the rendezvous of all who aspired to fame on the lyrical stage. Here Mdlle. Sontag was frequently invited on her first arrival in Paris. On one occasion the countess introduced her to a fair Spaniard, a *protege* of hers, just arrived from New York. The artist, who had spent some years performing in the inglorious theatres in the New World, was afterwards the celebrated Malibran. Madame Merlin begged Mdlle. Sontag to encourage her friend, who, she assured her, had the greatest gifts of voice, by singing with her the duet in *Tancredi*. Mdlle. Sontag cheerfully consented. So astonished, delighted, and overcome were the two fair vocalists at their respective talents, that at the close of the duet they threw themselves into one another's arms, and from that day began their friendship. Such was the sisterly love and confidence which existed betwixt the two marvellous vocalists, then engaged at the *Italianes*, and which is so powerfully recorded in the letters of the lamented Malibran, that the latter was, for a time, in 1828, the only depository of Sontag's secret, that amongst the crowd of sighing and adoring swains who followed her respectfully at a distance, tendering their offers of marriage, there was one on whom she had bestowed her heart, and was about to bestow her hand. The fortunate object of Mdlle. Sontag's choice—and time has proved how well-founded was her judgment—was a member of the diplomatic body then accredited at the court of the Tuileries. Count di Rossi, although then a very young man, was already at that critical period of political affairs *conseiller d'ambassade* of the Sardinian mission—a sufficient proof of his mental powers. He had the good looks, the elegant manners, the tastes, and the gifts of conversation which distinguish the travelled man and the real *homme de qualite*—qualities which no adversity can diminish. Fearing the prejudices of his noble relatives and of his royal master, until they could be assuaged, it was determined to conceal the wedding for the time being. It consequently was solemnised with all due form, but in secret, with only two or three intimate friends as witnesses.—*Memoir of the Countess de Rossi*.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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(Registered according to 6 and 7 Vic., c. 65)

IS a very complete and perfect instrument for measuring "time" in music. It is the size and form of a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, being similar to a spring measuring tape, having marked on one side the numbers of vibrations in one minute (as in Maelzel's Metronome), and on the other side the Italian musical terms in general use. From its moderate price, small dimensions, and practical usefulness, it is adapted for all classes of musicians and singers.

Sold by all music-sellers in town and country.

Price, including morocco case and suspender, from 5s. to 10s. each.

EDWARD GREAVES, 56, South Street, Sheffield, registered proprietor.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

## M. JULLIEN'S GRAND

(Second and Last)

## BAL MASQUE,

Will take place

On THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1850.

**D**URING the many years which M. JULLIEN has had the honour of producing BALS MASQUES in this country, those Entertainments have been limited to one in each Season, but their immense and increasing popularity, again most evident on the last occasion, added to the very numerous solicitations from his Patrons and Friends, has induced M. JULLIEN for once to deviate from the above custom, and to announce, for the first time, a SECOND BALL in the same Season.

The present series of Concerts will, therefore, TERMINATE with a grand BAL MASQUE (most positively the last this season), to take place on THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850, and M. JULLIEN begs to assure the Nobility and Gentry that they may rely on its surpassing in brilliancy and effect all those hitherto given, the last not even excepted. A SPLENDID DECORATION, together with the CRYSTAL CURTAIN, will be exhibited.

The ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and THIRTY-TWO MUSICIANS, including the celebrated CORPS DE TAMBOURS, from the 2nd Legion of National Guards, which have met with such unbounded success during the Concert Season, and who will most positively make their Last Appearance in London.

Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, HENR. KERN.

CONDUCTOR . . . . . M. JULLIEN.

The New and Fashionable Music of the present Season will be played, with all the favourite Polkas, Waltzes, Mazurkas, and Quadrilles, composed expressly for the Nobility's Ball, Almack's, &c.; also, an entirely New Polka, entitled

## THE NATIONAL GUARD POLKA.

Composed expressly by M. Jullien, and to be performed for the first time on the above occasion, introducing the French Drummers.

N.B. M. Jullien has also arranged his GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE for Dancing, and it will be played for the first time in that form on the 12th instant, terminating with the

## MARCH OF ALL NATIONS TO LONDON.

Tickets for the Ball . . . . . 10s. 6d.

The Prices of Admission for SPECTATORS (for whom the Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart, will be as on former occasions, viz. :—

Dress Circle . . . . .	5s.
Boxes . . . . .	3s.
Lower Gallery . . . . .	2s.
Upper Gallery . . . . .	1s.
Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.	

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured on application to Mr. O'REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5. Private Boxes, also, at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Old Bond Street; Mr. SAMS', St. James's Street; Mr. OLLIVIER, Mr. ALLCROFT, Messrs. LEADER and COCKS, Mr. CHAPPELL, and Messrs. CAMPBELL and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.; and at JULLIEN and Co.'s Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten.

Sherbet, Carrara Water, Coffee, Tea, and Ices, (under the superintendence of Mr. G. PAYNE,) will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

Mr. I. NATHAN, Jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will not be admitted.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

## THE LAST EIGHT NIGHTS OF M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

## THE EXHIBITION QUADRILLE—THE FRENCH DRUMMERS—MDLLE. JETTY TREFFZ—EVERY EVENING.

**M. JULLIEN** has the honour to announce that his Concerts will most positively terminate on TUESDAY, December 10. On WEDNESDAY, December 11, the Theatre will be closed in order to arrange the Decorations for the GRAND BAL MASQUE, which will take place on the next evening, THURSDAY, December 12, and terminate the Season.

During these last Eight nights, the Programmes will be selected from all the music which has proved to be most popular during the season, including the Great Exhibition Quadrille, executed by the Concert Band, the Three Military Bands, and the French Drummers. The favourite songs by Mdle. Jetty Treffz: solos by Herr Koenig, Mr. Ratten, Mr. Demunck, M. Pilet, Mr. Collins, &c. &c.

PROMENADE AND BOXES . . . . . 1s.

DRESS CIRCLE . . . . . 2s. 6d.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,  
EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR . . . . . Mr. COSTA.

On FRIDAY next, December 6th, will be repeated HANDEL'S Oratorio, "MESSIAH."

Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, with Orchestra (including 16 double basses) of upwards of 700 performers.

Tickets, 2s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's sole Office, No. 6, Exeter Hall, or of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

COMPOSED BY W. R. BEXFIELD, D. Mús.

**THE publication of a Work, in Numbers, under the above title, will commence at Christmas.** The Work will be so managed that each Number will contain at least one complete Song, Duet, Trio, or Quartet; or a Solo for the Pianoforte, Violin, Flute, or Chamber Organ.

## No. I.—DUET FOR TWO CONTRALTOS. Price 2s.

Applications, for the present, may be made to Dr. BEXFIELD, 12, Monmouth Road, Bayswater.

## THE GREAT BOSTON ORGAN.

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Applications and testimonials as to moral character and professional ability to be addressed, on or before the 5th of December next, post paid, to Messrs. W. W. Johnson and J. H. Small, Boston, Lincolnshire.

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